

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



ONE OF THE FAMILY.

## THE LOST BROTHER.

### CHAPTER III.

THE next moment Maurice perceived that the lady had recognised him, and was pointing him out to her companion. Though now at a short distance, he could not hear what passed between them. The lady spoke low, but in a persuasive tone. The señor seemed to hesitate over something she proposed, but, collecting himself as Maurice approached,

he stepped forward and said, with less ceremony than Spaniards are apt to make on occasions of first introduction, "Please you, señor, my daughter Dorinda, here, has just told me that you are the gentleman who so gallantly interposed for her protection against foreign impertinence in the Calle San Pedro. Permit me to offer you my heartfelt thanks, and crave the honour of your acquaintance. My name is Martinez."

"Your thanks, señor, are far beyond my deserts.

Any gentleman might be proud of serving so fair a lady to a much greater extent than it was in my power to do;" and Maurice bowed low to the señora, who acknowledged his homage with a graceful inclination and a glowing cheek. "By your acquaintance," he continued, "the honour will be done to me. My name is Desborough."

"Desborough!" the señor was looking at him earnestly, as if there was something known to his remembrance in the young man's face. "It is an English name, but you cannot be an Englishman who speak the language of Spain so well."

"To a certain extent I am," said Maurice. "My father was the colonel of James II's West Indian regiment. I believe Ireland was his ancestral country, but my mother was a Spanish lady of the house of Govado, one of the best families in Jamaica; and it pleases me to remember that her Christian name was the same as yours, señora, for my mother was called Dorinda."

Martinez stood for a moment silently gazing upon him, and then said, "The hand of Providence is in this. Young man, I have inquired after you in vain for almost twenty years. It was known to me that your father and mother were gone, but nobody could give me the slightest information regarding their orphan boy, except that an English officer had taken him away from the West Indies, some said to his own country, and others to the British colonies in North America. Is not your name Maurice? Nay, never look so much surprised that I should know it. You are the son of my only sister, Dorinda, sent to me in my old, heart-stricken days, I know and believe for good, because her likeness is in your face. She married a man of worth and honour, whom we despised for being a foreigner and having no fortune but his soldier's pay. For that—I am ashamed to think of it now, though I was too young to have any hand in the matter—her family cast off and disowned her, but I will be proud to call you my nephew, for her sake."

"Is there not some mistake, señor?" said the astonished Maurice. "I am sure my mother's maiden name was Govado."

"It was; and you cannot imagine why I am called Martinez. Ah, my young friend, you have lived too long with Englishmen to understand the requisitions of Spanish pride;" and the señor faintly smiled. "You must know, then, that like many an ancient house in Spain, ours had two patronymics. One of our ancestors had married an heiress of the Govado stock, and added her name and arms to his own. Our full designation was, therefore, Martinez-y-Govado, but when the family emigrated to Jamaica they chose to drop the humbler, and retain the nobler, name, as most fitting for dons of the colonies. Long after, when my elder brother succeeded to the plantation, and I found it expedient to improve the small fortune my father left me, by returning to the old country and setting up in business, family honour required that I should return to Martinez also, by way of covering the disgrace which such a step must bring on my noble relations. That arrangement was particularly insisted on when I married the widow of a silk manufacturer in the city of my ancestors, Valencia, where, as you probably know, silk weaving has flourished for ages. His business had not prospered in his widow's hands, though it did in mine. Few women are expert in affairs of trade, and my Romira was not one of them, but she was a

good and noble woman, and a faithful, loving wife to me. Her death made me a desolate man, for none in this world shall ever fill her place; but she left me Dorinda, not my child, indeed, but the daughter of Romira's first husband, yet mine by affection for her own and for her mother's sake. She has lived with me in a homely, retired way, with no instructor but myself, since her mother's departure, and no duenna at all, which I think was no loss, for those old, prying women often teach young girls what it would be as well for them not to know. At any rate, you see, Dorinda has missed the advantages of other ladies; so, my travelled nephew, you must not be surprised to find her wanting in the usual airs and graces, and likely to make up for them by sense and sincerity. Dorinda," he continued, turning to his adopted daughter, "take your cousin's arm, and let us all go home together, before the neighbours wake up and begin wondering who it is that walks with such solitary people as we have been. It is not safe for strangers to attract notice in Spain."

The word which tells us that we know not what a day may bring forth is often illustrated by the events of private life. That day brought well-to-do and kindly kinsfolk to the young man who till then believed himself to be alone in the world. The discovery had come so unexpectedly upon him that at first it seemed a dream rather than a reality; but Maurice walked home with his new-found relations, the fair girl whom he had met under such peculiar circumstances but a few days before hanging on his arm, and was presented as the nephew of Señor Martinez to the few servants who had accompanied him and his daughter from Valencia, and always lived with them on the familiar footing of old and attached domestics.

"They are the only friends we have in Cadiz, or anywhere else, maybe," said his uncle, "but you will be an addition to our small circle, I hope. Make our house your home, my boy, there is room enough and to spare; and I promise that you and your affairs will be safe and welcome in it, for the present. Stay with us to breakfast, and then tell us how things have gone with you hitherto, and by what means it happened that you and we have found each other in a city where both were strangers."

Maurice cheerfully accepted the invitation, and, for the first time since the death of his parents in the far West Indies, sat down with those who owned him as a kinsman. The breakfast-table was spread in a room of that old Moorish mansion, with a ceiling of finely-carved wood, walls covered with panels of arabesque, and latticed windows looking out on a central court, where flowers grew round the marble basin of a fountain that sent up its waters in the form of a palm-tree. There, when the morning meal was finished and the attendants had withdrawn, he related the brief history of his past life, and explained the business on which he had come to Spain and been detained in Cadiz.

His tale, particularly that part of it which regarded Mr. Crofton's lost brother, made a deep impression on the young Dorinda, and she fervently expressed her hope that Maurice might be able to discover what had become of him, for the sake of his friends in England.

Her father seemed no less interested, but the young man could not help observing that a slight quiver passed over his face when the name of Crofton

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was first mentioned, and all the time after he sat shading it with his hand, as if from the rays of the morning sun, which streamed into the room, softened by the painted lattice and the silk curtains, that he made no remarks on the strange story, and joined in Dorinda's hope with a deep-drawn sigh.

The surmises he had formed from Señor Pierola's account of the melancholy Martínez recurred to Maurice with all the force of conviction. In the uncle who acknowledged and received him so kindly he had met with, perhaps, the Valencian friend of the lost Philip Crofton, and certainly one who had more knowledge on the subject of his mysterious disappearance than he chose to communicate.

That it was a guilty knowledge Maurice could not believe. There was so much of honourable sentiment and upright inclination in his countenance and converse, that no one could imagine Señor Martínez to have been either principal or accomplice in a hidden crime. Yet whence those signs of fear and concealment which surprised even his daughter, though the girl, in her reverence for him, made no observation? His Spanish kinsman and he were yet strangers, and, warned by his habitual prudence, Maurice ventured on no inquiry at that time, but trusted to further acquaintance for a better opportunity, and felt relieved when his uncle changed the subject, by repeating his welcome to the house, and renewing his injunction that the young man would make it his home while he remained in Cadiz, and his headquarters while business made him a sojourner in Spain. "Your comings and goings will cheer up this lonely, out-of-the-world life of ours," he said, "and when you are ready to return to England, who knows but Dorinda and myself might bear you company? I should like to see how those island people get on with so much liberty as it is said they have,—every man allowed to speak his mind without fear of king or clergy."

Maurice accordingly transferred his effects from the comfortless Spanish inn where he had lodged, to his uncle's mansion. There he stayed for the rest of his time in Cadiz, a welcome and a much regarded guest, whose comings home from business were eagerly looked for by all the household, and especially by Dorinda. She had got over her shyness by this time, and taken kindly to her English cousin, as they called young Desborough; and he had discovered that the beauty which charmed him at first sight was not her only claim on a true man's esteem and affection. There was a noble frankness in her manner unknown to the duenna-trained ladies of the land. Her father had given her a better education than usually fell to their lot, and her mind had a wider scope by nature. She had heard a good deal of England; it was a sort of wonderland to the Spaniards of those days; but its fame was not untinged with terror, superstitious tales, coming down from the Armada time, made England the reputed stronghold of witchcraft and sorcery to the popular mind. Dorinda's father had taught her better than to believe the like, and the girl's great delight was to sit by Maurice among the flowers in the central court, or in one of the arabesqued rooms, while he told of English life and English manners, how far they differed from those of Spain, what honest freedom prevailed in social intercourse, what equal laws guarded the rights of the subject, and gave security alike to the great man's mansion and the poor man's cottage.

Señor Martínez was frequently a listener, and scarcely less engrossed than his daughter. The growing friendship between his English nephew and his adopted child did not escape his observation, but it had his approval. Maurice caught his eye at times resting on them both with a look of mingled memory and hope, as if his own youth and their future were meeting for the moment in his mind, but the cheering thoughts seemed to pass quickly away before the inward gloom that overshadowed his life. It troubled the young man to see that ever-returning cloud; the cause was hidden from him, and thus he could neither console nor sympathise with the relation from whom he received so much kindness. It was hidden from Dorinda also, but the girl was young, and though as loving and dutiful to Señor Martínez as his own daughter could have been, long habit had made her so familiar with his melancholy mood that she scarcely noticed it. "Some people say that my father was not always so," she said, in reply to a remark on the subject which Maurice ventured one day when they chanced to be alone, "but he has been since I remember, and that is before we lost my mother. Sometimes it seems to me that he looks more sorrowful since you came to live with us, but that must be fancy, for I know he likes you well, and I have heard him say that any man might be thankful to have you for a son."

#### ROUND THE WORLD.

THE art of circumnavigation has been reduced to so exact a system that the traveller who purposes to make the tour of the world now requires neither a ship of the line nor a private steam yacht; he has a choice of vessels and of opportunities, and he can make the journey, if he will, with a time-table in his hand. In the interval between the voyages of the Endeavour and the cruise of the Challenger, the electric telegraph has "put a girdle" round the earth, and steam has made an easy highway of the seas. The "Times," a few months back, contained two advertisements side by side, the one announcing such a voyage "for educational and recreative purposes," the duration to be eleven months, of which six were to be spent in inland excursions; and the other simply proposing to dispatch a vessel on a given date "to all the principal places of interest in the world." This year also a society was formed in France for the purpose of organising an expedition round the world, partly for the purposes of exploration, but mainly for the education and enjoyment of those who should take part in it. A similar expedition was announced on the other side of the Atlantic, under the encouragement of the national authorities, and supported by some of the most eminent scientific men in the United States. We are not informed whether the project is yet in process of fulfilment, but the programme, which resembled the French one, suggested at least a pleasant possibility.

The purpose of this expedition was to visit points of general and special interest, "to study the arts, archæology, and present condition of the better-known countries, and the geology, geography, fauna and flora, as well as the history and character of the people of those less known, and to make collections in the various departments of

science." To this end the expedition was to be absent two years, and, it was believed by its organisers, would afford opportunities for seeing the greater part of the world in far more favourable circumstances, and at less expense, than would be possible in an expedition organised on a smaller scale or by individual enterprise. A systematic course of instruction was to be arranged and closely followed as soon as practicable after the vessel left New York. It would consist chiefly of lectures on all subjects that could be studied to advantage in an expedition of this character. For this purpose a large staff of professors, who are entitled the "Faculty," were to be engaged, who would direct the studies both in the lecture-room and on the wide field presented by the voyage. The expedition was thus mainly adapted for students, and we believe arrangements were to be made for taking a limited number of naval cadets at half the ordinary rate. Several of the professors were to take their wives and daughters, and a limited number of lady students were to be included. A steamship of 1,492 tons burden had been engaged to carry this novel and delicately-assorted expedition, and the officers nominated all belonged to the United States Navy.

Less ambitious in aim are the "All-round Tours" arranged by the indefatigable Messrs Cook. These tours are no longer experiments. The sixth expedition under their auspices started this autumn. Their programme carries the traveller from Liverpool to New York, and thence to San Francisco; across the Pacific to Yokohama, and from Japan to China; and thence from Hong Kong to Point de Galle, and on to Calcutta. The month of January is to be spent in India, and from there the course turns homeward by Egypt and Brindisi. The whole of this tour can be accomplished in seven months at a cost of £335.

Mr. Brassey has recently shown what can be done by private enterprise. The following notes from a correspondent, who has made this grand tour independently, were in our hands before the publication of Mr. Brassey's narrative, and may be useful now for comparison.

The world may be looked at from many points of view, the religious, the political, the geological, and many others. In the present article, however, it is as travellers that we mean to consider it; and in order to do so most conveniently, we will follow the course of the sun, escorting an imaginary Telemachus through countries which modern civilisation has brought within easy distance.

The United States is the first country we arrive at on our westward voyage. Here probably the traveller will be disappointed, after all he has heard of American peculiarities, at finding a people so like that he has left at home. Take away from English society the aristocratic element, and add to the remaining classes a certain amount of independence and perhaps a little recklessness, and you have the American. The great middle classes of the two countries differ but little. Treat Americans as gentlemen, and you will find them very good fellows; try to bully them, and woe betide you. The lower classes expect more courtesy than they do in England. A question asked by a man who was touting for a show, and of whom the writer had taken no notice, is amusing and characteristic: "Stranger, *air* there any schools where you were brought up, and do they *larn*

people to talk there?" The English-Canadians may be described as something between the English and the Americans. The French-Canadians have adopted some of the independence of the Americans, but are wanting in the go-ahead qualities that make prosperous colonists.

The great sights in the eastern half of the North American continent have been so often described that we will not attempt to enumerate them here.

The finest scenery of the whole continent is farther west in the great mountain masses which divide the Pacific States from the rest of the Union. George Town and Colorado Springs, both in the neighbourhood of Denver, are the most comfortable headquarters for excursions among the Rocky Mountains. Grey's Peak can be ascended on horseback in a day from the former town, and we believe that there are few places in the world where a height of more than fourteen thousand feet can so easily be reached. A far finer trip however is to the Yosemite Valley in California, where, after two or three days of rough and dusty roads, the traveller arrives at a deep mountain glen, where rocky peaks, domes and precipices, waterfalls and gigantic vegetation, have combined to form a scene of magnificence unsurpassed on the surface of the globe. The great trees known as Wellingtonias or Sequoias may be visited *en route* to or from the valley. The hotel accommodation on the road and in the valley is very fair. Those who are fond of roughing it will be well repaid for their trouble by a trip on horseback still farther into the recesses of the Sierra Nevada.

The best season for visiting America is the early summer, when the waterfalls are fullest and when the heat is not so oppressive as it is later. The weather is generally much more settled than in England. The Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada differ from the mountains of Britain, Switzerland, and Norway, in having very little rain during the summer months.

Travelling in America is very expensive, as the railway distances are so enormous, and the charges for any sort of horse carriage very high. Hotels are generally about sixteen shillings a day, including everything but liquors. The traveller must be prepared to spend two or three pounds a day if he means to see much of the country in a reasonable time.

At San Francisco the traveller will have to choose between two routes served by excellent steamers. He may select that to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and Australia, on which he will find some of the loveliest scenery of the world, embracing the most luxuriant tropical vegetation, volcanoes of extraordinary activity, and other mountains which rival in beauty the grandest of Europe. On this route also he will meet with some of the most interesting and primitive peoples, and he will have opportunities of studying our colonial empire and enjoying the large hospitality of its inhabitants. We will, however, suppose that he chooses the not less beautiful and, in many respects, more interesting route to Japan, China, and India.

On landing at Yokohama, after a passage of less than three weeks, he will find himself in a civilised European town, with good hotels and a club. The deep verdure of the surrounding country will remind him of the most fertile parts of England. A railway journey of less than an hour will take him to Yedo, the Japanese capital, where he can study a most

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curious nation to his heart's content. At the station he will find ready for him numbers of *jirikshas*, which we may describe as very small hansoms, each drawn by one or two men, or as the gondolas of Yedo life. The Japanese men are small, and the women very small indeed. The general costume for both sexes is a sort of dressing-gown of dark blue. The women are often rather pretty. The tea-house girls, who correspond to our barmaids, are always neatly dressed, and have their hair very carefully arranged; they generally wear bright scarves round the neck, contrasting well with their dark robes. These girls are very attentive, sometimes excessively so. The married women are distinguished by their teeth being blackened. The story is that a very beautiful and virtuous princess, wishing to quiet the jealousy of her husband, blackened her teeth to render herself less attractive to other men. Her plainer countrywomen followed her example and the custom became general, though the traveller may wish she had chosen some other method of establishing her reputation. The wealthier young men have adopted, to a certain extent, European costumes. Some are to be seen in clothes that would pass muster in London, while others have only donned a wide-awake and an Inverness cape, and display below their bare legs supported on wooden pattens.

The houses of Japan are all built of wood, and have double shutters, the outer ones of boards, the inner of semi-transparent paper on wooden frames. In the day-time both shutters are generally open, and the interior arrangements are exposed to the view of the passers-by.

The Japanese are very inquisitive, and examine most particularly the dress and belongings of the traveller who loiters in their streets; on the other hand they allow him to satisfy his curiosity to an extent rarely permitted in other lands. The shops are open to the street, and filled with those curious wares with which we have of late years become so familiar; to these are often added European goods of the most incongruous character, the triangular trade mark of Bass & Co. being an especial favourite. The temples, like the houses, are of wood, and are decorated with the most gorgeous painting and gilding and the most curious carvings and idols. Very little check is placed on the traveller's movements here or elsewhere. The grounds round the larger temples are generally filled with tea-houses and shows, and are the resort of conjurors and top-spinners.

The traveller may wander in Japan with perfect security. There are few countries where the stranger meets with greater civility. The Japanese language, unlike the Chinese, is easy. The resident Europeans generally know it, and even the passing traveller may pick up a few useful phrases. The tea-houses are scrupulously clean, and the traveller is generally expected to take off his dirty boots before entering. If he cannot make himself comfortable in a quilt or rug, he had better take a bed with him when he goes into the interior of the country, and if he wants anything to eat or drink besides rice, fish, eggs, tea, and saki, the national spirit, he must provide it for himself. The scenery of the mountainous districts of Japan is most lovely, especially in the spring, when the azaleas are in blossom, though the autumn tints also have their charms. The excursion most commonly made is to the hot baths of Miyanush'ta, in the neighbourhood of the great volcano Fusi-yama. This, the *Glorious mountain par excellence* of the Japanese, was in eruption

about a century ago, though it is now said to be extinct; it is singularly like Etna in shape, and is over thirteen thousand feet high.

The spring, early summer, and autumn are the best seasons for Japan, as the weather is generally warm and fine. The summer, though hot, is not so trying as in Northern China, nor is the winter so cold.

Japan is not a dear country, the hotels are about twelve shillings a day. Native labour and wares are cheap, European are dear. The pedestrian may travel very reasonably in the interior.

The traveller is recommended to take the route through the Inland Sea to Shanghai instead of going direct to Hong Kong, both on account of the lovely scenery of the Japanese Archipelago, and because Shanghai is the best starting-point for Chinese tours. One of those most generally made is by steamer up the Yangtse to Hankow, one of the largest and most prosperous cities in China. The river scenery on the way is said to surpass that of the Rhine. Another trip is by houseboat, a comfortably fitted-up barge, through the Grand Canal to the cities of Hangchow and Soochow. A third very interesting route is by steamer to Tientsin and thence to Peking and the Great Wall; this excursion, however, will involve a good deal of roughing it.

Several lines of steamers run from Shanghai to Hong Kong, some of which touch at Foochow and others of the intermediate ports. From Hong Kong steamers run every day to Canton, and frequently to the Portuguese settlement of Macao. Canton is one of the wealthiest and most populous cities in China, not having been, like Hangchow, Soochow, Nanking, and many others, destroyed during the Taiping rebellion.

The enormous extent of China presents the most varied natural features; the greater part of it, however, is rather a field for the explorer than the tourist. The towns are generally surrounded with walls; the streets are narrow and paved with slippery stones. Shops are open to the streets, and signboards hang perpendicularly. Every house has its little altar, with an idol and candles. Several religions live together in harmony. Confucianism is the State religion, Buddhism the most popular. Taoism also has many votaries and temples. The Chinese are an ugly race, and are not so cleanly in their habits as the Japanese. The women are less seen, and perhaps, we may add, less worth seeing, than among their go-ahead little neighbours. The houses are generally built of unburnt bricks, which are often held together by beams, as in the old-fashioned English houses known as timber-built. Pagodas form pleasing features in the landscape. The Chinese pay great attention to their tombs, many of which are very curious. Ancestral worship is a very prevalent superstition in China, and the ideas about good and ill-luck of cities and cemeteries form one of the greatest difficulties in introducing European civilisation.

The climate of China is oppressively hot in summer, and, in the northern part, very cold in winter. Peking is practically unapproachable for many months, because steamers are unable to get to Tientsin on account of the ice. Travelling in China is about the same expense as in Japan. Europeans do not generally care to try the native inns, but prefer living in their own boats. Plenty of meat and game can be bought, and good pheasant, duck, and other shooting can be had in many parts. Few English residents,

except missionaries and diplomatic servants, know anything of the Chinese language; business is done in the jargon so well known as "Pigin English."

The traveller wishing to complete his circuit of the globe is obliged to bear very much to the south till he reaches Singapore, which is situated about a hundred miles from the Equator. He may visit the Philippine Isles on his way, or touch at the French colony of Saigon, and from thence visit the wonderful ruins in the malarious jungles of Cambodia. He may also make his way from Saigon to the curious independent kingdom of Siam. From Singapore he can visit the lovely but unhealthy island of Java. Singapore does not present much in itself to detain the traveller, but many of the neighbouring islands are mountainous and covered with most luxuriant tropical vegetation. Penang, which is touched at by the P. and O. steamers, is an island of this character. From Singapore there are steamers direct to Calcutta *via* Rangoon. Most travellers, however, will wish to see something of the charming island of Ceylon.

Routes in India and Ceylon are so numerous, and means of travelling so abundant, that we must confine ourselves to the general features of those countries, and to the more prominent points of interest, leaving the traveller to choose according to his taste.

The best time for visiting India and Ceylon is from the middle of November till the middle of February; in the Ganges Valley and the northern parts the cool weather extends a month longer. The hot weather succeeds and is followed by the rains, which generally commence in May in the south and in June in the north. During the hot season no European goes out or travels by rail, if he can help it, in the middle of the day; even the natives keep as much as possible within doors. The rains are unhealthy, so is the month immediately succeeding them, and fevers are then more prevalent than at other times. The hot and rainy seasons are the gay time at the various hill stations, where the traveller will be able to enjoy Anglo-Indian life and society. The more enterprising tourist, however, will prefer the trip to Kashmir and even Ladak, which can now be reached without difficulty or danger. Kashmir is crowded with Anglo-Indians during the summer. The different routes to these places take the traveller through some of the grandest scenery of the Himalayahs. The trip to the Gangotri Glacier at the source of the Ganges is sometimes made. Distant views of the snows are obtained from most of the Himalayan hill stations; that from the neighbourhood of Darjiling is said to be the finest; it embraces Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, and many others. Neweraria is the hill station of Ceylon. The residents of Madras go to the Nilgiri Hills, and those of Bombay to Matheran and Mahableshwar, near Poonah. The passes up to the highlands, both in Ceylon and among the Western Ghats, are generally very fine.

The ruins of ancient Buddhist pagodas to be seen at Anuradhapura and at Pollonnaruwa in Ceylon are well worth a visit.

In the Madras Presidency the rock-cut temples of Mahavellipore are accessible and very interesting. In this Presidency also are the finest examples of Hindu structural temples; for here Mohammedanism never gained the ascendancy that it did in Northern India. Madura, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Conjeeveram, Tiruvallur, and other places, are famous for their temples, but the traveller will probably be content with

two or three of the most accessible. The gigantic gopuras, or temple gateways, resemble the pylons of Egypt in outline, but are covered with statuary of the wildest designs. Near Bombay are the caves of Elephanta; and the still more wonderful caves of Ellora and Ajunta can be reached without great difficulty. The finest specimens of Mohammedan architecture are at Beejapore in the Deccan, Ahmedabad, Agra, and Delhi. The Taj at Agra has obtained world-wide fame from the grace of its form and the delicacy of its workmanship. A building almost of the size of a cathedral is decorated with inlaid agates and mosaics, which would attract attention for their beauty if displayed on a lady's brooch. The Taj is the grandest work of the kings who "built like giants and finished like goldsmiths." Space, however, does not permit us to notice any more of the architectural wonders of India.

The modes of travelling are numerous. There are steamers along the coast, and main lines of railway through the country. At most of the principal cities the tourist will find hotels. The charges are generally about ten shillings a day. Unless he confines himself to the great cities he will find it absolutely necessary to have a native servant. One who speaks English may be got for about ten rupees (a pound) a month. Where there are no hotels he will be able to make himself fairly comfortable at the dawk bungalows. The longer journeys where there is no rail are generally done by horse or bullock dawk, that is, by spring carts or waggons, with changes of horses or oxen at every stage. In some parts, especially in mountain districts, the traveller will prefer, and in others he will find it necessary, to employ a saddle horse or a palanquin, a kind of sedan-chair, in which, however, he can lie down.

Some adventurous travellers will return to England *via* Persia and the Caucasus, or across Asiatic Turkey, taking Bagdad, Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, and Damascus *en route*. These travellers must be prepared to rough it, and perhaps we may say even more, must be prepared for difficulties and danger, but they will find much to interest them among the ruins of past and the wild life of present nations. The summer must not be chosen for these journeys, as the great heat of those countries could hardly fail to be extremely injurious. Most travellers will return by the Red Sea, and if the season is favourable the tour may be prolonged by tours in Egypt and Palestine. During the summer and early autumn those countries are not to be recommended. The ascent of Etna, though fatiguing, is full of interest; it is practicable during those months in which Egypt is to be avoided. We need not trouble the reader with the details of these excursions, as they are to be found in the ordinary guide-books.

With regard to the time and expense of the journey round the world, the minimum may be put at three months and £250, but the traveller is recommended to devote not less than four months and £120 extra to exploring the countries on the way, while a year or even years may be profitably employed.

Mr. Brassey accomplished his 36,000 miles, under steam and canvas, in forty-six weeks. Dr. F. S. De Hass, American Consul at Jerusalem, in a letter addressed to the "Omaha (Nebraska) Republican," shows how quickly the successive points may now be reached. He says:—"Not counting the time I lay over at different points, as these breaks in the jour-

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ney could all have been avoided, I made the entire circuit of the globe in exactly sixty-eight days, and but for heavy weather on the Pacific would have made it in sixty-two days. The journey from Alexandria, Egypt, *via* Brindisi and Paris to London, and thence to New York and San Francisco, was accomplished in twenty days, and we were just the same number of days going from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan. Crossing over from here to Canton, in China, took six days. A sail of ten days over the China Sea and through the Straits of Malacca, touching at several points we have not time to notice, brought us to Ceylon, off the southern coast of Hindustan, and one of the richest of the East India islands. Thence we sailed directly to Suez, in Egypt, which took twelve days, and thence, in a few hours, by rail to Alexandria, our starting-point, making the entire distance of 25,000 miles—16,000 by water and 9,000 on land—in sixty-eight days, without any accident or detention of any kind."

## BRIGHTON.

BY EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

### I.—OLD BRIGHTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

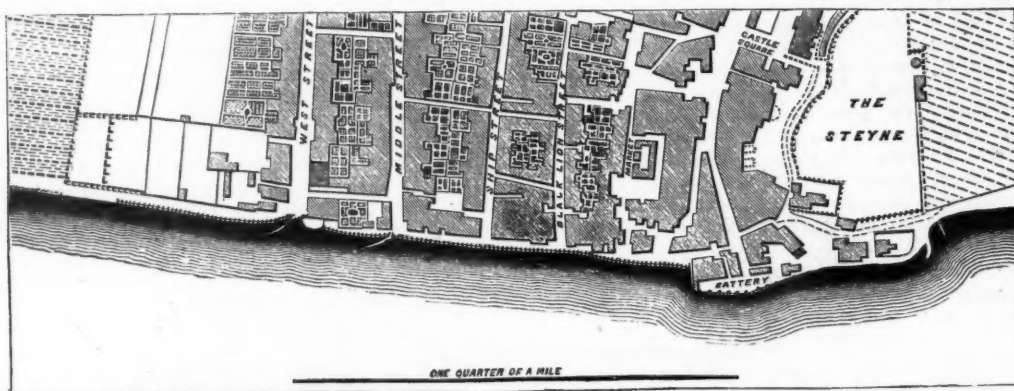
WHATEVER may be the true etymology of the name of the Queen of Watering-places, there can, we think, be but one opinion as to the happiness of the designation. It is the Bright-town,—we suppose, all circumstances considered, it will be difficult to find a brighter. Other towns lying open to the sea have a closer proximity to greater natural beauty, but we know not where every provision of nature has been so utilised. It is such an easy run from London; the air instantly ministers to the jaded merchant or journalist so fine a tonic; there is such a fascinating life in its splendid esplanade, and the grand walk, or ride, for so many miles along the immediate margin of the open sea; the splendid piers, stretching out like the decks of great vessels on the ocean, the one where music and gaiety of every description keep up the incessant life of *L'Allegro*, the other upon which solitude and pensive isolation, away from music, illuminating lights, and restaurants, furnish a pleasant retreat for *Il Penseroso*; the hotels; the "flies"—there are none so pleasant elsewhere; the Aquarium, an elegant lounge, with varied attractions, yet without the mere sensationalism which seems essential to almost all popular amusements in our day; the quaint but picturesque Pavilion, embosomed amongst its pleasant and park-like bowers, with its noble dome, and its recently created free library; and the charming little townships of villas, Cliftonville—where you find an elegant retirement by the sea—Preston, and Prestonville—where you leave the sea, and retreat into a village at the foot of the Downs;—all these, and many other particulars, constitute Brighton one of the most delightful homes for the retired man of the world or for the invalid—to whom the sunshine and the breeze, freshened from the sea and softened from the Downs, are among the best of medicines—to be found anywhere in Europe.

The early history of Brighton has only recently been drawn from entire obscurity, and the most interesting particulars are briefly grouped in a paper in the second volume of the "*Sussex Archeological Collections*." It is probable that it was an ancient

British settlement, and then a Roman station, for Roman coins have been found within the town or near it, and it was near to the *Portus Adurni* of the Romans. What is certain is, that at the time of the Norman conquest it was a rude fishing village; rude, and yet for the time a place of some importance, since we have an account of the customary rent of the manor paid to the lord of the manor by the fishermen for the privilege of drying their nets and stationing their boats on the waste. By-and-by Flemish emigrants began to settle amongst these rudely-constructed huts; and, passing down, in a word, to the sixteenth century, we are told of a map in the British Museum of 1545 which probably realises Brighton sufficiently for some ages before, and in it the town is shown to consist of two parts, the "Upper Town," as it was called, or the houses on the cliff, and the "Lower Town," or the houses under the cliff. In 1515 old Hall describes Brighton as a "poore village in Sussex, called Brighthelmstone." From thence the fishermen proceeded far out to distant seas on fishing voyages, and upon their return the taxes appear to have been tolerably heavy towards the support of the affairs both of the church and state in their little town. In the year 1580 there were 102 resident landmen only who were able to contribute towards the common expenses of the town. So small and insignificant was the little romantic fishing village, its low huts strewn along its shores; its two friendly-looking windmills struggling up on the church hill; and its block-house, built of "flynte, lyme, and sande in warlyke manner by the fishermen." The block-house was a round fort, built about 1540, for protection against French cruisers, which occasionally landed on the coast in Henry VIII's time. The last of the four gates of the fort was removed in 1760, to form a more convenient entrance to a battery of twelve guns constructed at that time. All this has long since been washed away by the sea. It stood between what is now called Black Lion Street and Ship Street. This building was destroyed in the memorable storm of 1703. Along the Downs, near to the little town, rose the iron furnaces stretching far away across the Downs into the county, which also caused the great scarcity of timber and wood. In some of the old documents, containing the signatures of the inhabitants of these times, occur the rude marks indicating their occupations. It will not be understood that they were able to write for themselves, but affixed to their names are seen the hook, the anchor, the axe, the wheel, the plough, and other instruments of these honest and unlettered sons of industry. Such are some of the straggling rays of light as to the ancient condition of the little town,—such are the original glimpses we possess of the origin of the "Queen of Watering-places." In a "*Tour of Great Britain*," dated 1724, the author says: "Brighthelmstone is a poor fishing town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea. Fishermen have large barks, in which they go away to Yarmouth, and hire themselves for the season to catch herrings for the merchants. The sea is very unkind to this town, and has, by its continued encroachments, so gained upon it, that in a little time more they might reasonably expect it would eat up the whole town, above one hundred houses having been devoured by the water in a few years past, and they are now obliged to get a brief granted them to beg money all over England to raise banks against the water, the expense of which will be £8,000, which,

if one were to look on the town, would seem to be more than all the houses in it are worth." In Ogilby's scarce folio volume, "*Britannia: an Illustration of the Kingdom of England, etc.*," undertaken under the command and at the expense of

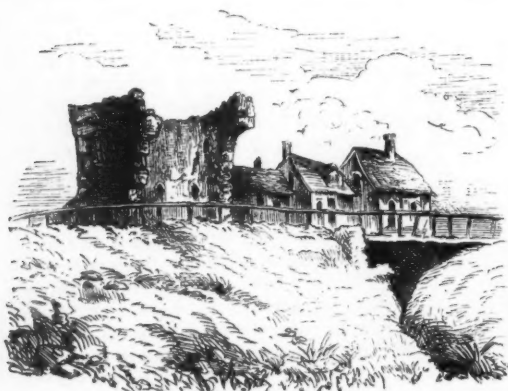
regions of corn, and such an extent of fine carpet, that gives your eye the command of it all. My morning business is bathing in the sea, and then buying fish; the evening is riding out for air, viewing the remains of old Saxon camps, and counting



VIEW OF OLD BRIGHTON, FROM AN ENGRAVING DATED 1777.

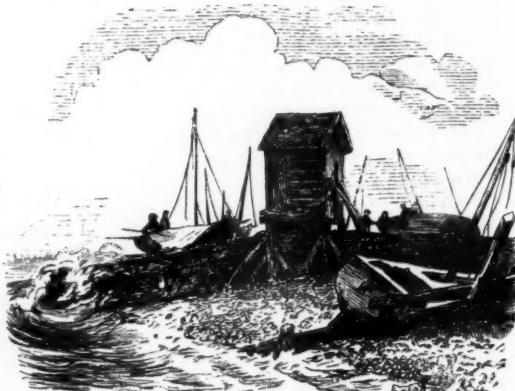
Charles II, we read how he came to "Brighthelmstone, indifferent large and populous, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, with a small market on Thursdays, and a reasonable good harbour." And there is a pleasing letter from the Rev. William Clark, the rector of Buxted, and grandfather of the celebrated traveller, Edward Daniel Clarke, who writes to a friend, in 1736:—"We are now sunning ourselves

the ships in the road and the boats that are trawling. I assure you, we live here almost underground. I fancy the architects here usually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the ceiling, and then, dropping a step or two below the surface, the second storey is finished, something under twelve feet; but, as the lodgings are low, they are cheap. We have two parlours,



THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE.

upon the beach at Brighthelmstone, and observing what a tempting figure this island made formerly in the eyes of those gentlemen who were pleased to civilise and subdue it; such a tract of sea, such



THE OLD PUMP-HOUSE.

two bed-chambers, pantry, etc., for five shillings per week. And then the coast is safe; the cannons are all covered with rust and grass, the ships moored, and no enemy apprehended. Come and see." In

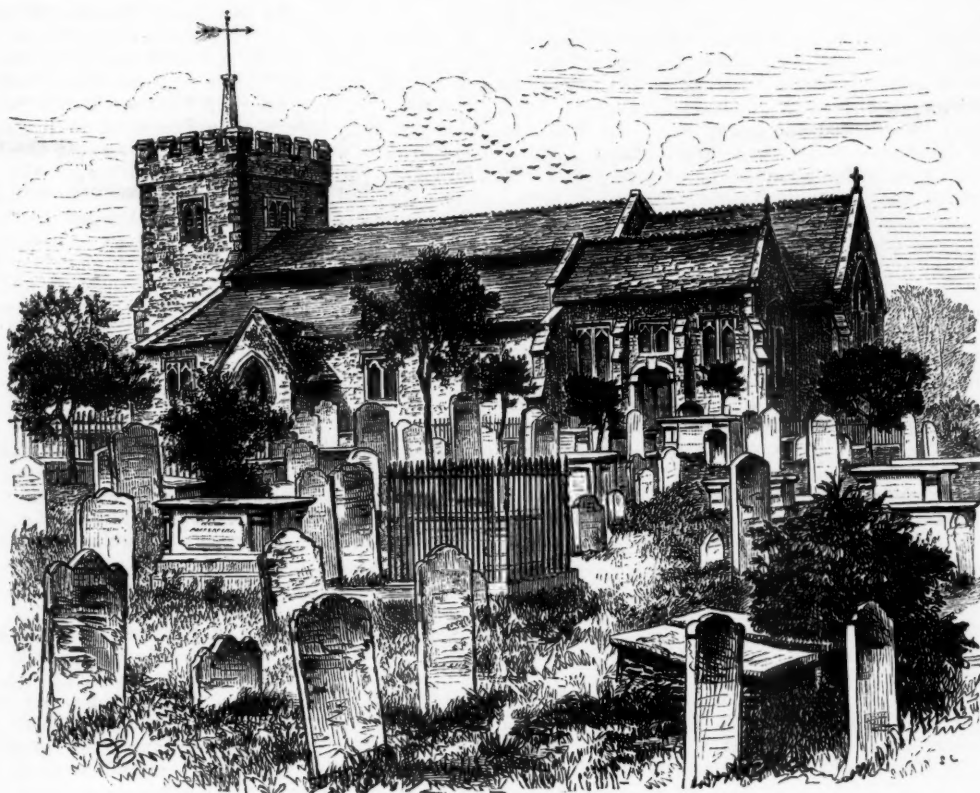
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another letter from Brighton the same writer says:—"Do come and join us here, if you can bear the dullness of this place; we shall be right glad to see you. Here we do just what we like; we are bound by no conventionalities. We dine at one o'clock, we take our tea at five, and when we have nothing better to do we roll about on the beach, interrupted by no one." Such was Brighton in 1736. In the first year

with flagging sails, were obliged to assist their motions with oars; others were just getting into the breeze, which rippled the water around them, and began gently to swell their sails; while the fleet, the water, and the whole horizon glowed with one rich, harmonious tint from the setting sun." Such was Brighton in its simplicity. The journey to London at that time occupied the whole of two days. The



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.

of George III, as appears by the poor-rate book, there were 400 families in the town. Taking the average of six persons in a house, the population did not exceed 2,400. Visitors had begun to come more freely in the bathing season, and the residents began to enlarge their houses, and erect new ones for the summer guests.

The Rev. W. Gilpin, a pleasing writer, in his "Observations on the Coast of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent," made in the summer of 1774, observes, somewhat contradictorily, "Soon after, we reached Brighthelmstone, a disagreeable place; there is scarcely an object either in it or near it of nature or of art that strikes the eye with any degree of beauty;" and then he adds, "One of the most picturesque sights we met with at Brighthelmstone was the sailing of a fleet of mackerel-boats to take their evening station for fishing, which they commonly continue through the night. The sun was just setting, when all appeared to be alive; every boat began to weigh anchor and unmoor. It was amusing to see them under so many different forms; some in a still calm,

impassable state of the roads was regarded as a kind of security, and when a proposal was made for improving them, Brighton petitioned Parliament against the proposal, as it would bring down London cut-throats and pickpockets. People were too familiar with Sussex mud to regard that as a nuisance, but for metropolitan pollution they had a great abhorrence.

Among the interesting associations of Brighton we must not forget that here for some time resided Ann of Cleves, one of the injured queens of Henry VIII. She landed at Dover in December, 1538. Henry met her there, and took such a dislike to her that he never consorted with her, and the marriage was dissolved by mutual consent. The manor of Filmer was part of Ann's dower; there she resided for some time, then she took up her abode at Preston House, in the village of Preston, Brighton. There is still to be seen a portrait of her, considered to be the work of Holbein—unfortunate portrait if, as is said, it was this very likeness which induced the king to desire an union with the lady. Perhaps she survived longer

divorced than she might have lived as wife. For twenty years after she lived, apparently, not unhappily. She died in the Palace of Chelsea, 1557, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. During that period, one of her successors, Catherine Howard, found her way to the block, and another, Catherine Parr, very narrowly escaped. The retreat of Brighton was safer than the splendours of Greenwich or Windsor.

Among the memories of Brighton is that of a noble martyr who suffered, in the reign of Queen Mary, in the Castle of Lewes. When Erredge's "History of Brighton" was published, Black Lion Street Brewery was said to be the oldest building in the town. Its proprietor, in the reign of Queen Mary, was Deryk Carver; he adopted the doctrines of the Reformation; he was not a Sussex man, but a Fleming settled in Brighton about eight or nine years. An account of him is given in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." He stood with a very noble consistency against the follies and errors of Romanism. He carried with him to the stake his Bible. The sheriff ordered that it should be thrown into the fire, but it appears to have been saved, and it is probably still in existence. Erredge gives an account of it; and at the time of the publication of his volume, it was in the possession of Mr. Ade, of the Colonnade, North Street. It is a "Breeches Bible," published in 1550; it was not greatly injured by the fire, although discoloured by the smoke, and in several parts stained with blood. After the death of Carver, the book was bought by Sibbell Clarke, widow, of Brighthelmstone, and the book contains the account of the generations through which it passed to the close of the last century. Stephen Gratwicke was another Brighton man of respectable family and liberal education, who was put to death in St. George's-in-the-Fields, Southwark, about the end of May, 1557.

Another interesting memory connected with Brighton is in the existence of the King's Head, the little public-house at the bottom of West Street. This was the house in which Charles II found a shelter previous to his flight across the water to Fecamp. Novelists have told romances of the visitation of Charles at Ovingdean Grange, the little village near the upper part of the cliff on the way to Rottingdean. It seems to be proved that Charles was never there. He came along to Brighthelmstone by the other route, through Hampshire; and the novelist's mistake concerning Ovingdean Grange arises probably from the fact that arrangements were made for the king's crossing the water with Mr. Francis Mancell, a merchant who resided there. The account given by Erredge, from a curious document in the British Museum, is very copious and interesting. The vessel in which Charles escaped was the *Surprise*, a coal brig. The captain and the proprietor was Nicholas Tetttersell; his tomb is in the old churchyard. Charles escaped in the disguise of a Puritan, and there is a story told by Baker, in his *Chronicles*, that in the course of the day, while the little vessel was on the sea, a sailor stood near to the "Puritan," who was sitting on the deck. The sailor was smoking his pipe. The captain rebuked him for his freedom with their passenger, upon which he retired, surlily muttering, "he supposed a cat might look at a king," quite unaware of the apt appellation of the adage in his instance. Charles, on his restoration, appears to have forgotten Tetttersell and the great service he rendered him until he was reminded of his

obligations by the mooring of the *Surprise* opposite Whitehall. The hint was understood, the vessel was admitted into the navy as a fifth-rate, and the designation, the *Surprise*, was changed to that of the *Royal Escape*. Tetttersell and his descendants long enjoyed an annual pension of £100. A ring presented by Charles to the captain is still in the possession of the family. As to the vessel, the *Royal Escape*, she was ornamented and enlarged, and moored on the Thames near Deptford. For a long time she received the favourable homage of crowds of spectators as the king's preserver, but as years passed on, and it began to be suspected, from the increasing guilt of Charles, that the royal preservation was, perhaps, no great blessing to the country, she gradually advanced unhonoured to her decay, and in 1791 was broken up for firewood in the Deptford Dockyard. Before the residence of the king there, the old house in West Street was called the *George*; after this the sign was changed to that of the *King's Head*, and a rude portrait of his majesty was suspended before the house. About sixty years since the sign was taken down, varnished, and suspended inside. For a long time the bed on which the king slept, and the chair on which he sat, were preserved, but they have long since been sold as historical relics to those who prize such things.

#### II.—OLD BRIGHTON CELEBRITIES.

It is in the old churchyards of Brighton that we may look for some of the most interesting relics of the ancient town, and the churchyard lying round the picturesque old church of St. Nicholas must always be an interesting spot. This venerable church was the ancient landmark for ships far out at sea, long before the young town, with its gay villas or humbler streets, had spread round it. It was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the reputed patron saint of fishermen. It is a beautiful little church, and it is impossible to walk round it or through it without thinking of the humbler, simpler days, extending back so far as 1252, when, apparently upon its present site, this building commenced its existence, although the restoration of the church to its present graceful yet simple proportions is comparatively recent, and was effected by the late vicar in memory of the Duke of Wellington. In the chantry there is a much-admired monument to the duke, bearing an elegant Latin inscription:—

IN MEMORIAM  
MAXIMI DUCIS WELLINGTON,  
HÆC DOMUS SACROSANCTA,  
QUA IPSE ADOLESCENS DEVM COLEBAT,  
REEDIFICATUR.

(Translation.)

In Memory of  
The Great Duke of Wellington,  
This sacred building,  
In which in his youth he worshipped God,  
is restored.

The Duke of Wellington when a youth was a pupil of the late vicar's grandfather, the then vicar of the parish; and surely it is remarkable to notice that the present Duke of Wellington was a pupil of his grandson, the late vicar. It is impossible to walk through the little edifice without thinking of the old vicar's pew, in which the young Arthur Wellesley sat. The vicar of those days was the Rev. Henry

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Michell, the antagonist of Johnson in the bath-room—to whom we shall yet refer—and the grandfather of Henry Michell Wagner, the last vicar. And while we are in the neighbourhood of the old church we ought to remember, that as Sussex in general was remarkable for its bells, so Brighton also has a magnificent peal, cast by Thomas Rudhall in 1777. Two of the bells have since been recast.

A conspicuous tombstone, to be read by every one passing through the churchyard, bears the following truly extraordinary inscription:—

PHOEBE HESSEL,

Who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713.

She served for many years as a Private Soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, And in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at the Battle of Fontenoy, Where she received a Bayonet Wound in her Arm. Her long life, which commenced in the Reign of Queen Anne, extended to that of King George IV, By whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter days. She died at Brighton, Where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108.

This epitaph gives the complete history of one of the most notable characters of Brighton, concerning whom it seems scarcely possible to say more than her tombstone records. For many years before her death, it should be mentioned that George IV allowed her half-a-guinea a week. When the king saw her, and talked with her, he called her "A jolly old fellow," and offered her a guinea a week, which, with a rare moderation, she refused, saying, "Half that sum was enough to maintain her." She is well remembered in Brighton still, as she used to sit in the sun against a house on the lower part of the Marine Parade. Her life was indeed an extraordinary one, but after the death of her second husband, William Hessel, by the assistance of some friends, she purchased a donkey, and travelled with fish and other commodities to the villages about Brighton. It was in one of these journeys that she obtained such information as led to the arrest and conviction of Rooke and Howell for robbing the mail, a circumstance which made a considerable sensation at the close of the last century. They were gibbeted on the spot where the robbery was committed, and there is an affecting story connected with the body of Rooke. When the elements had caused the clothes and flesh to decay, his aged mother, night after night, in all weathers, and the more tempestuous the weather the more frequent the visits, made a sacred pilgrimage to the lonely spot on the Downs, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched it was discovered that the bones of the hanging man were the objects of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground she conveyed them to her home. There she kept them, and when the gibbet was stripped of its horrid burden, in the dead silence of the night she interred them in the hallowed enclosure of Old Shoreham Churchyard. What a sad story of a Brighton Rixpah!

Tettertsell's monument is to the east of the chancel door. It is a very copious eulogy, neither remarkable for its poetry nor its truthfulness; only that, as his wife is buried with him, the reader is informed—

"In the same chest one jewel more you have,  
The partner of his virtues, bed, and grave."

In the old churchyard there are many inscriptions very interesting to those who are curious in this kind of literature, but our space will not permit a longer loitering among them. Most of them may be found sufficiently chronicled in Erredge's very interesting history of the town.

Of the many chapels and churches in Brighton, not one, we suppose, has a more interesting history than that commonly known as North Street Chapel, opposite the New Road, known also as the Countess of Huntingdon's. It was in the year 1755 that the countess visited Brighton for the purpose of securing for her youngest son the advantages of sea-bathing, and it was in connection with this visit that she mentioned the following singular circumstances to the Rev. A. M. Toplady. A gentlewoman, who lived a little way out of Brighton, dreamt that a tall lady, dressed in a particular manner, would come to that town, and be an instrument of doing much good. A few days after the countess's arrival the above gentlewoman met her in the street, and, making a full stop, exclaimed, "Oh, madam! you are come!" The countess, surprised at the singularity of such an address from an entire stranger, exclaimed, "What do you know of me?" "Madam," replied the gentlewoman, "I saw you in a dream three years ago, dressed just as you are now," and she then related the particulars of her dream. About three months after, Lady Huntingdon visited a poor soldier's wife for the purpose of ministering to her both religiously and temporally. It happened that the place was next to a baker's, to which numbers of people thronged for bread. They heard this lady of rank from time to time conversing with the poor woman, and sought and obtained permission to come and listen also. The news spread through the town, and many more came. She perceived the interest awakened in the place, and brought down Whitefield, her famous chaplain, who preached his first sermon in a field behind the White Lion Inn in North Street. So a little religious society was formed, and the countess desired to put up a place of meeting, but at that time her funds were exhausted. She sent, therefore, for her jeweller, opened a casket of jewels, and disposed of them. The following are the particulars of the casket:—

"Two 13 x drops . . . . .	£400 0 0
Twenty-eight 13 x 3 drops . . . . .	90 0 0
Twenty-seven pearls at £4 15s. each . . . . .	175 15 0
Seed pearls . . . . .	10 0 0
Gold Box . . . . .	23 0 0
Total	£698 15 0"

With these funds she built a little chapel at the back of her private house, on the site of the present chapel. It was opened in the autumn of 1761. After six years it was found to be too small, when it was enlarged, and reopened by Mr. Whitefield. In 1774 it was taken down and rebuilt, this time at the expense of Miss Norton, a friend of the countess, who lived in an adjoining house. In 1775 it was reopened for the third time by William Romaine, then rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars. In 1810 it was again enlarged, yet again in 1821, and again in 1842; but within the last few years the old building has entirely passed away, and has been succeeded by the present elegant structure, beneath the pastorate of

its present minister, the Rev. J. B. Figgis. This is surely a very interesting history, and North Street Chapel is regarded as one of the attractions of Brighton, and was especially so during the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Sortain, a man of a rare and charming order of eloquence, and of whom Mr. Thackeray spoke as the most elegant orator he had known.

The streets most interesting to the wanderer about Brighton are East Street, and the Grand Corso of the King's Road, but West Street is regarded as the great historical street of Brighton. Here at the bottom is the King's Head, to which we have sufficiently referred; but more interesting still to many was a low brick building immediately opposite, the site of which is occupied now by modern edifices. This was the residence of the well-known Mrs. Thrale, the friend of a large literary coterie. In that house they were wont to have gatherings which shed round its walls now the pleasant influences of immortal names; especially Samuel Johnson was in the habit of visiting here, and Fanny Burney, the authoress of "Evelina." It is in one of her letters from Brighton that she describes her residence at this house as being at the court end of the town, and exactly opposite to the inn where Charles II was in hiding while the arrangements were being made for his escape. "So I fail not," she says, "to look at it with loyal satisfaction, and his black-wigged majesty has, from the time of its restoration, been its sign." Many stories are told of this old house in West Street and its visitors. And a story is told, not of the old house, but of Johnson. When on a visit to the Thrales he accompanied them to the baths, the site on which Brill's ladies' swimming-baths now stand. At this public lounge Johnson met the vicar, the Rev. Henry Michell, with whom he soon got into conversation. They drew their chairs close to the fire in the anteroom. For some time their manner was calm and their language subdued; at length some differences arose in their arguments. The vicar seized the poker, the doctor grasped the tongs; upon the grate down came poker and tongs from each hand with vehement energy. The general company present, who were all enjoying a country dance, suspended their evolutions to gaze upon the disputants, nor could the enjoyment be renewed until the master of the ceremonies had interposed and brought back again to the agitated bosoms of the heated literati the blessings of peace.

Also at the top of West Street, where it turns into Duke Street, was the first abode of George IV; here he had his first lodgings in Brighton, at the residence of Johnny Townsend, the noted Bow Street runner, who was in constant attendance upon his illustrious tenant, both when he was Prince of Wales and when he was king. At this time West Street was one of the most favourite lounges for the followers of fashion in Brighton, and the house of Townsend was one of the most favoured. Many of the prince's boon companions, like Lade, and other such, were probably entertained by the prince, the viands being sent to Townsend's from the Pavilion. And here in this street, only a few doors above the house of Townsend, for some time resided James Ings; here he carried on the business of a butcher; he was one of the chief confederates in the Cato Street Conspiracy, and, with seven others, was found guilty of high treason. Ings, with four others, were executed at Newgate, and the rest were transported. In this same street for a long time lived Botting, the man

who executed Ings, for Botting was a native of Brighton, and was born on a place called "Botting's Rookery," after his father, Jimmy Botting. This piece of property was at the back of Westfield Lodge, immediately to the west of the bottom of Cannon Place. It was the resort of all the tramps of the lowest order. Botting carried out the last penalty of the law, on the 30th of November, 1824, upon Henry Fauntleroy, the banker, who was also a resident in Brighton. His house was that well known now as Codrington House, in the Western Road. The case of this unhappy gentleman excited exceeding compassion at the time; he was found guilty of uttering a forged deed of £5,000 stock, and a power of attorney to defraud the bank of which he was the acting partner.

"As the hare whom horns and hounds pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first it flew,"

so Botting, after an arduous life at Newgate, retired to end his days in his native town. In the course of his duties he had deprived 175 persons—"parties," as he called them—of their lives. We might almost have thought that he had performed this duty for many more, for life was held very cheap in those times, and we read of his performing his unpleasant task on thirteen persons in one week—eight on Wednesday, November 23rd, and five on the following Tuesday, November 29th. Some of the older inhabitants have mentioned to us how Botting was seen perambulating the streets of Brighton in a chair. He was struck with paralysis in these later days. He always appeared isolated from society, although a well-known Brighton character. Who could be desirous of making the acquaintance of "Jack Ketch"? Such are some of the reminiscences of West Street, still a famous street in Brighton, but for other reasons than those we have mentioned. It is doubtless one of the most ancient and historical ways of the town. Exactly opposite to it, in the olden time, was suspended from the cliff the town fire-cage, constructed of iron hoops, wherein at night some long-burning substances were kindled to guide the fishermen on their return to shore. And Erredge mentions an old house, the first in the street, at the south corner of Kent Street, which for many years had a Latin inscription in raised Roman letters, which, in consequence of the action of the weather, underwent a variety of vicissitudes. First, the inscription seems to have been, "Excitat acta robur" (Strength awakens action—that is, a consciousness of power rouses men to action). This became changed to "Excitas actis robur" (Thou awakenest strength by deeds). Again, this became changed to "Excitat actis robur" (He rouses to strength by acts). Again came another change, "Excitas acta robur" (Thou wakest, or excitest, to deeds or action, O strength!). But its last appearance defied all efforts at translation—"Excitus acta ropat," and as it only excited ridicule, it was entirely obliterated.

## BELLS AND CHIMES.

### II.

**TWELVE** is the greatest number of bells that has yet been hung in any steeple upon which change-ringing is practised; there are, however, certain rings described as consisting of thirteen bells

—at Lee is, however, rent ring the heav be used. in Engla Minster. year 14 north to time bro moved i the olde this pea and is su for who Matthew pears as 1628. which o admirer buted 2 has long is rema dominic There change- it is p were ou taken ten, th and P famous the sar "allow kingdo fire wh 1840, a did oth was cau cleanin mishap use a li Thro Beckwi ring of present was pl 1844. hung f very sa well h ringer been r state, i Beside possess a large is prac by han In 1 bells t Street, at the the Co upon t and ty perfor and th 1724. absolu

—at Leeds and Halifax, for instance; the extra bell is, however, only a half-note bell, by which a different ring of eight may be arranged without ringing the heaviest eight bells when only that number is to be used. The first ring of twelve bells ever erected in England was placed in the south tower of York Minster. It seems from certain records that, in the year 1466, four bells were cast and placed in the north tower; these bells were probably from time to time broken and recast, as when the bells were removed into the south tower and made into twelve, the oldest bell bearing a date was 1599. The tenor of this peal—that is, the heaviest bell—was dated 1627, and is said to have weighed 59 cwt. The archbishop for whose funeral it was first tolled was "Toby Matthews," whose name, "Tobias Matthews," appears as the sixty-sixth Archbishop of York, 1606 to 1628. In 1733 the bells were re-hung, towards which object "a set of public-spirited citizens, great admirers of this kind of music and exercise, contributed 20*l*." The record also adds, "This diversion has long been in great vogue in England, though it is remarkable that it is not practised out of our king's dominions anywhere else in the world."

There is no record, however, existing to show that change-ringing had made much progress at York; it is probable the bells were as unwieldy as they were out of tune, for which latter cause they were taken down in 1765 and replaced by a ring of ten, the tenor weighing 53 cwt., cast by Leicester and Pack, of London, from the patterns of the famous "Bow Church" bells, which were cast by the same founders in 1762. The new bells were "allowed to be as complete a set as any in the kingdom." This ring was at length destroyed by a fire which broke out on the evening of May 20th, 1840, and gutted the tower, melted the bells, and did other serious damage to the structure. This fire was caused by the negligence of a man employed in cleaning the clock, and to guard against any similar mishap, since that time no one has been allowed to use a light of any description in the tower.

Through the munificent bequest of the late Dr. Beckwith, of York, who left £10,000 to provide a new ring of bells, and to restore the chapter-house, the present ring, the tenor of which weighs 54 cwt., was placed in the tower and opened on July 4th, 1844. It is the heaviest ring of twelve bells yet hung for change-ringing. The bells are not, however, very satisfactory; they were never correctly in tune nor well hung; and although there is a capital band of ringers at York, a peal of 5,000 changes has never been rung on the bells, and indeed, in their present state, it is improbable that one could be accomplished. Besides this ring of bells, the cathedral authorities possess another "white elephant" in the shape of a large bell, weighing nearly eleven tons. This bell is practically useless, as the hour is only struck on it, by hand, at noon each day.

In 1719 two trebles were added to the ring of ten bells then in the tower of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London. These trebles were cast and fixed at the expense of two London societies of ringers, the College Youths, and the London Scholars, and upon them the first peals of 5,000 changes upon ten and twelve bells of which any record exists were performed, the first by the London Scholars in 1717, and the peal on the twelve by the College Youths in 1724. There seems to be little doubt that these were absolutely the first peals rung on ten and twelve

bells, and, indeed, it seems also almost conclusive that the custom of ringing peals of 5,000 changes was not introduced before the commencement of the eighteenth century. When the bells of St. Bride's were first rung it is said that the gentry used to drive into Fleet Street in their carriages to hear them. It is also probable that the ringers at that time attracted attention to the art, as there were amongst them persons of consideration. Among those who rang in the first peal on twelve bells was a youth named Francis Geary, who afterwards became Admiral Geary, and commanded the Grand Fleet about the year 1780.

The ring of bells in St. John's, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, was made into twelve in 1722, and the ringers then consisted of the principal gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood. In 1765 a Mr. Blackwell purchased the estate of Ampney Park, and in 1767 had the College Youths over, who then rang the only twelve-bell peal that has been rung upon these bells. Mr. Blackwell was a member of the Society of College Youths, and a great patron of ringing. On the dispersion of the Blackwell Library in 1840, on the death of some of his descendants, a large volume containing a list of the members and officers of the College Youths from the years 1637 to 1755 was purchased by the society.

The church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, built at a cost of £37,000, has a ring of twelve bells, which is the first complete ring of twelve ever cast and erected, the others previously mentioned having been made twelve by the addition of certain bells. This ring was opened at the consecration of the church on October 20th, 1726. On March 14th, 1727, the London Scholars rang a peal of 6,006 changes, the first peal on the twelve bells; this the College Youths followed next day with one of 6,314 changes. The tablets to record both these peals still exist in the tower. Nell Gwyn was buried in this church, and there is a legend, given in a London newspaper in 1742, that she "left a handsome income yearly to St. Martin's, on condition that on every Thursday evening in the year there should be six men employed for the space of one hour ringing, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings for beer, but this legacy is of late diverted some other way, and no such allowance is given." On examination of her will, however, no mention of this legacy is to be found, and it is probable that there never was any authority, beyond report, for the assertion.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, with the exception of the tower, was demolished in 1666, by the Fire of London. The church was rebuilt in 1672, and in 1722 a new tower was erected; and in December, 1728, the present ring of twelve bells, which is one of the most musical rings in the kingdom, was opened. These bells are only equalled by those in the ring of twelve at Norwich, the opinions of connoisseurs being almost equally varied in favour of the supremacy of either ring.

In 1735 St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, was repaired, the old ring of eight bells was recast into the present one of twelve, the tenor of which weighs 52 cwt.; and in December, in the same year, the College Youths rang the first peal thereon. It consisted of 8,008 changes of Grandsire Cinques, and occupied six hours and twenty-five minutes. Since this time many celebrated peals have been rung upon these bells.

It was not until 1770 that another church augmented its bells to twelve; this time it was St. Mary's, Cambridge. The two bells added, however, were very inferior ones, and, indeed, it is now seldom that the twelve are rung, the ten alone sounding much better. About this date the bells at St. Martin's, Birmingham, were also increased to twelve.

Norwich has long been celebrated as the place at which the first peal of 5,000 changes, of which any record remains, was accomplished; this peal was rung upon the eight bells at St. Peter's, Mancroft, in 1715, and for nearly 150 years afterwards Norwich was famous for its ringers. The society of "Norwich Scholars," however, is at present only a shadow of its former self. The eight bells at St. Peter's were increased to ten in 1736, and in 1737 a peal of 12,600 changes was rung upon the bells in eight hours and fifteen minutes. The present ring of twelve was cast in 1775; the tenor, however, was broken, and recast in 1814. St. Giles', Cripplegate, London, St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, have also rings of twelve, which were opened in the years 1792, 1798, and 1807 respectively.

On Sunday morning, February 11th, 1810, as the bells were ringing in the tower of St. Nicholas Church, Liverpool, it fell down, falling on the body of the church and burying many of the congregation then assembled in the ruins. Although twenty-two lives were lost, the ringers escaped without injury; a boy, however, who was in the ringing-chamber with them was killed. The church was rebuilt, twelve bells were placed in the tower, and opened on the 4th of June, 1814. The tenor of this ring weighs 41 cwt.

At Quex Park, Isle of Thanet, the seat of the late J. P. Powell, Esq., there is a tower in the grounds containing a ring of twelve bells, the tenor of which weighs 15 cwt. only. This is the lightest ring of twelve ever hung for ringing. The tower and bells were opened in 1819, by a London society of ringers called the "Cumberland Youths," with a peal of 5,213 changes. Mr. Powell, when at school near Fulham, often heard the fine bells at Fulham Church rung by the College Youths, and thus early contracted an extraordinary love for bell music, which in after-years resulted in the erection of this tower and its bells in his park. He engaged the services of W. Shipway, a well-known ringer, and the author of an excellent work on Change Ringing, and had himself and servants instructed in the art. Besides practising ringing, Mr. Powell made quite a study of the scientific permutations according to which changes are produced, devoting much time to a method known as "Stedman's Principle," his researches in which he published for private circulation.

In 1830 and 1841 respectively, the parish churches at Oldham and Leeds were rebuilt, and their towers provided with rings of twelve bells. West Bromwich and Ipswich also completed their bells to twelve in 1850 and 1857. The bells at St. Peter's, Sheffield, and St. Peter's, St. Albans, were also augmented to twelve in 1868. The most perfectly appointed ring of twelve is certainly the one opened in 1872, at the Worcester Cathedral. No tower was ever more specially adapted to its purpose than this. Besides the extra bells used in connection with the carillon machinery, there is a grand ringing peal of twelve bells, the tenor of which weighs 50 cwt., and also a fine hour bell of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons.

At Bristol there is an extraordinary number of churches containing bells. In 1872 two more were

added to the ten bells at St. Mary's, Redcliffe, in that city, and the number of rings of twelve suitable for change-ringing in England was thus brought up to twenty-four. Until February 17th, 1836, a ring of twelve bells hung in the tower of Christ's Church, Spitalfields. On this date, however, the tower and bells were destroyed by fire. A ring of twelve is shortly to be placed in one of the towers of St. Paul's Cathedral. This will be the heaviest ringing peal of twelve in the world, as the tenor is to weigh 60 cwt.

There are many rings of ten bells in England, the heaviest, however, is that in the tower of Exeter Cathedral, the tenor of which weighs 67 cwt. Some of the bells of this ring date back to 1676, and in 1697, if not at an earlier date, it was completed to ten. The lightest ring of ten is at Appleton, near Oxford, where the tenor only weighs 14 cwt. A heavy ring of ten, tenor 52 cwt., has just been erected in the tower of Manchester Town Hall. This is one of the first municipal buildings in which bells have been fixed in such a manner as to allow change-ringing to be practised upon them.

Space will not allow an enumeration even of the principal of the rings of ten, but the ten bells of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, which were cast in 1762, must not be passed over. The tenor of this celebrated ring, within the sound of which the true "Cockneys" are born, weighs 53 cwt. At Oxford, Christ Church, New, and Magdalen Colleges, each possess a ring of ten bells, while Merton has a ring of eight, and several of the other colleges have rings of six bells. At Cambridge, with the exception of the twelve at St. Mary's and a wretched ring of eight at the adjacent church of St. Andrew's the Great, there are no other rings of more than five or six in number.

The number of English rings of eight may certainly be reckoned by hundreds. The lightest of these used to be the eight bells at St. Ebb's Church, Oxford, the tenor of which only weighed 5 cwt. 1 lb. Now, however, their number is again reduced to six. Tradition relates that the churchwardens sold the two lightest, which had at some time been presented to the church, to raise funds for repairs to the organ. As the tenor of the ring of eight bells in Wells Cathedral weighs 50 cwt., it is probable that this is the heaviest ring of eight in existence, while the heaviest ring of six is at Sherborne Minster, Dorsetshire. The tenor of this ring was lately recast, and now weighs 46 cwt. It is said to have been the gift of Cardinal Wolsey. Although much more might be said concerning the number and variety of rings of five and six bells, it may with truth be added that there are few church towers in which many traditions relating to former times and people may not be gathered from the legends, dates, or history of the bells.

## FERTILISERS AND FOOD PRODUCERS.

### III.—SALT.

FROM most of the hills along the eastern frontier of North Wales two great ridges of rocks may be seen rising abruptly out of the great plains of Cheshire and Salop. The ridge on the north-west forms the Peckforton and Beeston range of hills, which are continued in the same direction to the high

land above the estuary, which consists of the straits and the "middle" possibly The bed a comm irregular strata of overlying.

It is Cheshire the tower Crewe.

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land about Delamere Forest and the upper part of the estuary of the Mersey. That on the south-east consists of the escarpment of the Hawkstone hills, which are prolonged towards North Staffordshire. The strata of these two ranges of hills are the same, and they belong to the upper and lower divisions of the "New Red Sandstone," a faint trace of the middle series—the Muschelkalk of Germany—being possibly present in the calcareous flags of Grimshill. The beds of these ridges dip from each ridge towards a common centre, and thus form a trough, or rather irregular-shaped basin, which contains the higher strata of the group and also a small patch of the overlying group of the "Lias."

It is in this basin that the great salt deposits of Cheshire are found. These lie in the country between the towns of Northwich, Malpas, Whitechurch, and Crewe.

It was in the course of an unsuccessful boring for coal at Marbury near Northwich that the deposits of rock-salt were discovered in the year 1670. Subsequently a similar deposit was found in the extension of the same rocks southward into Worcestershire. In the year 1851 the mineral was found in a like position at Carrickfergus, and in 1863, while a boring for water was being made in the same sandstones and marls near Middlesbro'-on-Tees, a similar deposit of salt was struck, which has since contributed its share to the prosperity of that neighbourhood. These are the sources of the supply of salt in these islands, the principal mines and works being still to be found in the original Cheshire locality.

There are two chief beds of rock-salt in Cheshire, the upper and the lower. Each of these ranges from twenty to thirty yards in thickness. The lowest is the purest and most valuable bed of the two. These beds are supposed by geologists to be the solidified remains of great shallow lagoons or inland seas into which the tides rose, and in which evaporation went on rapidly, leaving behind the salt, with its associated substances, which formed so large an ingredient of the water. This lake and shallow-sea condition of the period is evidenced by the marks of numerous footprints of birds and beasts which seem to have sought their food around the margin of these seas.

Salt is obtained from these underground deposits in two ways. First, it is mined out of large chambers something like coal, pillars of salt being left to support the roof. The rock-salt so obtained is mixed to some extent with impurities which usually give a reddish tinge to the blocks. These impurities have to be got rid of in the various manufacturing processes by which the salt in this form is treated. Secondly, salt is obtained by the evaporation of the brine which is pumped from springs and reservoirs underground. This brine is formed by the percolation of water from the surface which, flowing over the face of the salt-bed, becomes saturated with salt. It collects in natural hollows in the rock, which of course becomes gradually dissolved, or, ascending by fissures to its natural level, makes brine springs. It is also allowed to accumulate in the old chambers and workings underground, and it there takes into itself the salt of the pillars which have been left to support the roof. The brine obtained from these natural and artificial reservoirs is poured into shallow pans of a large size. These are heated underneath, and the water is thus driven off by evaporation, the salt remaining in comparatively pure crystals, which are ready to be manufactured in a variety of ways.

In the year 1873 the production of salt from the brine in this country amounted to 1,594,000 tons, and the production of rock-salt to 130,000 tons. It is difficult to say what proportion of these amounts is used for agricultural purposes, but the mineral is largely used both in direct application to the soil and also—in conjunction with bones and phosphates—in the preparation of special manures for wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, and various other minor crops.

The use of salt as a fertiliser seems to have been first strongly urged between the years 1740 and 1750, and the use of it became very general. It seems, however, to have been used indiscriminately, and without due regard to the nature of the soil and to those conditions of the climate and atmosphere on which its successful use depended. This unintelligent use of salt as a fertiliser thus led to much disappointment, and the use of it as such seems for a while to have fallen into disfavour.

Assuming that a certain quantity of saline matter is necessary to the normal condition of the soil, it will be apparent that if by natural causes a sufficient quantity of it were imparted to the soil the additional application of the mineral by the farmer would be unnecessary, and might indeed from the excess be injurious to the crops. Now all around our coasts and to some distance inland the land is supplied with a sufficiency by the evaporation of salt with the water from the sea, to be subsequently thrown down upon the land in the form of rain. It has been computed that several hundred pounds of salt per acre are thus annually deposited around our western shores. It is in inland districts, therefore, that its mechanical application to the land becomes more of a necessity. That application is effected in several ways. It is sown broadcast upon grass and upon land to be ploughed, or afterwards, before the seed is put in. It is used in combination, as I have said, with bones, phosphates, and other materials, in the manufacture of special manures; and it is used to mix with the heaps of farmyard manure that are placed in the fields in preparation for use in the early spring.

Like lime, the beneficial effects of salt upon the soil and plant are produced in various ways. It contributes directly to the food and life of the plants that require for their growth several of the ingredients of salt, which also may be found in their sap. It causes certain chemical changes in the soil that make the latter more productive. When mixed with the dung-heap it promotes rapid decomposition and brings about that *soapy* condition in which the manure can be best applied to the soil. When used in the drills for the turnip crop it gives a degree of moisture to the soil which in dry seasons is invaluable for the sustenance of the young plants. It is a great sweetener of sour herbage. Of this I have lately on my own farm had an illustration. I had a field on which the grass grew luxuriantly, but of a rank and coarse kind which the cattle would not eat. I gave it a good dressing of salt, which had the immediate effect of killing the whole of the herbage, but in the following spring there grew up sweet and nourishing grass that is now as much relished by the kine as any other on the farm.

Thus the acrid waters of those ancient lagoons and shallow seas give sweetness and succulence to our present pastures, and help to give us milk and butter of kine from otherwise waste and unproductive land.

## Varieties.

**BELGRAVIA BY THE SEA.**—A drive or walk in a westerly direction—for in Brighton, most emphatically, “westward the tide of Empire,” of enterprise, wealth, fashion, improvement, and increase, “takes its way”—will astonish the visitor who returns after an absence of two or three years. On the Hove side Brighton has grown out of all knowledge. The Stamford estate is studded with stately houses and intersected with wide roads, in some of which young trees of an ornamental growth flourish afloat. Past Queen’s Gardens and past Prince’s Club, “the Drive,” wider than an average boulevard, extends far to the right across inland fields, bridging the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and opening up a new length of chalk road, into Preston, which is now nearly completed. This will form, with other new carriage-drives from Cliftonville, a beautiful continuation from the sea front; and, though the improvement can hardly be predicated as a feature of the season just at hand, it is noteworthy as good and sufficient evidence of increased enterprise, with a view to the pleasures of many seasons yet to come. Indeed, when the spur-line from the Brighton Company’s main line at Preston to Cliftonville is finished, and direct communication between London and the West End of Brighton, without passing through the present station, shall thus have been established, the splendid neighbourhood of mansions with a West End terminus in their midst will have all the accessibility as well as the appearance of a Brighton Belgravia.—*Daily Telegraph.*

**RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.**—Russia and her people and army are very strange to us, and a little more intercourse might disabuse both nations of many prejudices. I confess that I was surprised to find the Russian soldier gentle and good-natured beyond the average, though ignorant enough; to find the Cossack superior in education to the rest of the army, and sometimes mounted on horses of considerable size and power; to see only three drunken soldiers during the whole time of my sojourn among them; to hear the possession of Constantinople scoffed at as an idle dream of absurd enthusiasts, and England charged with fomenting the war and supporting the Turks both with money and men *sub rosa*. It is also not a little surprising to see the extraordinary passion which prevails at home for the moment, though evidently subsiding, and it may be remarked that this passion is totally irrespective of political partisanship, some of the warmest and most advanced Liberals being as completely carried away by it as the staunchest Conservatives. However the feeling has arisen, it is without doubt genuine and strong; so strong as to place in the hands of the Government a power which might be used in quite conceivable circumstances to hurry the nation into war. But heated as are the minds of Englishmen at present, reason and common sense will inevitably assert their sway before long. Already the Russian army, even the Cossacks, are being acquitted of atrocious conduct, except in isolated cases; already men are beginning to say that, however wrong they may think the Russian Government, the soldiers are not responsible for the ambition of ministers, and that a decided failure on their part would be deplorable. The pendulum has reached the farthest point in its reactionary swing, and it would not be astonishing to hear the country soon confessing that, however roughly and imperfectly, Russia is working out an enterprise which may eventually produce results as beneficial to England as to general civilisation.—*Military Correspondent of the “Times.”*

**MUSICAL SCALE.**—A correspondent, J. H., points out an error in the diagram on p. 343, which comprises the European and the Chinese scales. The European scale is represented to rise by intervals of (1) three tones, (2) a half-tone, (3) other three tones, and (4) another semi-tone, instead of two and three half-tones. The diagram gives eight intervals, while in the scale there are only seven. This is seen to be a mere misprint, and will cause no misunderstanding so far as the European scale is concerned.

**UPSALA UNIVERSITY.**—The University of Upsala, of which the readers of the “Leisure Hour” have had some information in previous pages (pp. 232, 261), has successfully celebrated its centenary festival. The concluding incidents, after the more formal proceedings, excited much enthusiasm. A concert given by the students was a most brilliant affair. The students of Upsala gained the prize for quartette singing at the International contest at Paris in 1867, and they have not lost the power and skill then made known. One of the most notable incidents

of the festival is described by a correspondent. It occurred at a ball given in the temporary hall erected in the Botanical Gardens. After the Promotion dinner the students and the general public were assembled before the tribune erected in the portico of the Linnaeus Orangerie, and King Oscar was, amid the most enthusiastic applause from the multitude, “carried in golden chair” by the students to the strains of their favourite song, *Sjung om studentens lyedliga dar* (Praise in song the happy days of the student). This is a ceremony used to do honour to merit; four stalwart students lift you from the earth and place you on their shoulders, carrying you round in triumphal procession with songs and cheers. King Oscar, who is a very tall man, rising by a head over all his knights, was, in “the golden chair,” lifted high up over the cheering crowd, and evidently enjoyed the popularity that found its expression in this form of student honours. A series of excursions, one of them to Drottningholm, the king’s summer residence near Stockholm, crowned the pleasures of the festival.

**ROYAL GAME OF MUSIC.**—We noticed lately (p. 608) an ingenious method of teaching the elements of music by help of a pleasant fairy story about King Harmony and his Court. Another form of “music made easy” is a game by which a thorough knowledge of the scales is acquired, and the pupil led on to ready perception of harmonies and discords. There is a key-board representing a section of the key-board of a piano-forte, and counters for treble and bass clefs, the uses of which are explained in a little book of directions. It is an elegant, as well as useful, educational toy. The name might suggest “a royal road” to the early study of music, but it is really adopted because the game received the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales for the amusement of her own children.

**JEWISH MAYORS AND MAGISTRATES.**—The “Jewish World” says that “the edifice of religious liberty has been gracefully crowned by the appointment of Jewish gentlemen as chief magistrates in the following cities and towns:—London, Liverpool, Southampton, Portsmouth, Canterbury, and Taunton.”

**KANARIS.**—The death of Constantine Kanaris, or Kanaris, as it is now written, recalled the old times of the Greek War of Independence, and the heroic poetry of Byron. A correspondent of the “Times” says: “His epitaph was written by Wilhelm Müller (father of Professor Max Müller), who has been dead fifty years, and it was translated into English by Professor Aytoun, at least thirty years ago. The undying hatred of the Turks expressed in it, and the increasing practice of torpedo warfare, make it not inappropriate to the events of the present day.

“I am Constantine Kanaris.

I, who lie beneath this stone,

Twice into the air in thunder

Have the Turkish galleys blown.

In my bed I died—a Christian,

Hoping straight with Christ to be;

Yet one earthly wish is buried

Deep within the grave with me;

That upon the open ocean,

When the third Armada came,

They and I had died together,

Whirled aloft on wings of flame!”

**OXYGEN IN THE SUN.**—Professor Henry Draper, of New York, announces that he has discovered bright lines in the solar spectrum corresponding with the lines in the spectrum of oxygen. That there are no dark lines in the solar spectrum which corresponded with those in the spectrum of this element has long been known, and there are none that correspond with those of any of the non-metallic elements, such as sulphur, phosphorus, iodine, chlorine, carbon, etc. The nebular hypothesis would lead us to believe that an element which is calculated to compose eight-ninths of the water and one-third of the crust of the earth could not be absent from the sun. Dr. Draper says that in photographing the violet end of the solar spectrum he finds interspaces between dark lines and bright streaks corresponding with lines in the oxygen spectrum. The fact of the existence of bright lines as well as dark in the solar spectrum has long been recognised, but the coincidence of any of these with the lines of terrestrial spectra has not, so far as we know, been hitherto observed.

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No. 13